



"Dance is the hidden language
of the soul of the body."
MARTHA GRAHAM

THE BELL TOWER

"Art is not a thing; it is a way"
ELBERT HUBBARD

"I dwell in possibility"
EMILY DICKINSON



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Editor

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The editorial board for the journal is comprised of full-time faculty members from the Honors Program (English), the Visual Communications Department, and the Fine Arts Department. The editorial board has the final approval on all selections and publication decisions.

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About the title:

Just as the Bell Tower at Tyler Junior College chimes on the quarter hour to mark the passage of time, it reminds students of the harmony which surrounds them in their educational pursuits. Music, dance, theatre, art, athletics, and academics blend to make Tyler Junior College a beacon to the community, the state, and the world at large. As the echoes of the chords filter through the oaks, their vibrations tremble far beyond the confines of the brick archways and winding walks where students gather. Tyler Junior College is a lofty tower of educational opportunity for students who have come from all parts of the world. *The Bell Tower Arts Journal* proudly hails the accomplishments of its hallowed halls and beckons those who would seek both its traditions and the promise of tomorrow.

~Judith Bateman, 2006

Editorial Policy:

The Bell Tower Arts Journal is sponsored by the Psi Gamma Chapter of Sigma Kappa Delta, the National English Honor Society. We accept submissions of poetry, short fiction, non-fiction essays, photography, and fine and graphic art by current Tyler Junior College students. We accept submissions for consideration only during the fall semester each year for possible publication in the subsequent spring semester. *The Bell Tower Arts Journal* is entirely student generated and seeks to provide a publishing venue for the rich artistic expression of TJC students.

Our goal is to create a publication that is a high quality, content-rich source of literary and artistic expression on a wide range of topics and themes. Therefore, we seek unique, insightful work displaying vivid, lively language and artistic skill.

All submissions must be the original work of the student writer or artist who submits it for consideration or publication. We do not accept previously published or plagiarized work. Every attempt is made by the editor to assure originality. All literary pieces will be submitted to turnitin.com for an originality report. However, it is ultimately the responsibility of each student to submit only his or her own literary and artistic work.

Moreover, while we strongly support intellectual freedom as the right of every individual from all points of view, we do not accept work deemed pornographic, profane, exploitative, or that seeks to cause injury to an individual or group.

Tyler Junior College gives equal consideration to all applicants for admission, employment and participation in its programs and activities without regard to race, creed, color, national origin, gender, age, marital status, disability or veteran status.

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Untitled 2	7
Sergio Rubio Blanco / Madrid, Spain / Digital Photograph	
Above Them	8
Carl Speaks / Arp	
Omens	9
Willow Lanchester / Tyler / Acrylic on Canvas	
Fairytales	10
Sherry L. Towns / Tyler	
It's Cool to be a Giraffe	11
Sarah Perez / Bullard / Digital Photograph	
In the Windowsill	12
Haley L. Huston / Big Sandy	
Biplane	14
Thomas Glasscock / Tyler / 3ds Max and Photoshop	
Face of My Face	15
Jeri L. Hubbard / Bullard	
Apache Nation	16
Caleb Wells / Gilmer / Pen	
The Interviewer	17
Jonathan Cox / Flint	
Bliss	20
Verlon Stripling / Tyler / Digital Photograph	

Sixty-One Years	21
Sherry L. Towns / Tyler	
Untitled	22
Kelsey Kimbro / Winona	
Elgin	23
Courtney S. Davis / Tyler / Digital Photograph	
Sweet Sickness	24
Willow Lanchester / Tyler / Acrylic on Canvas	
Live Presently	25
Hannah Perry / Yantis	
Curiosity	26
Jalen Johnson / Tyler / Digital Photograph	
My Cup of Tea	27
Olivia Wynn / Big Sandy / Graphic Art	
Regretful Volunteer	28
Amber Dunklin / Tyler / Digital Photograph	
Once a King	29
Nick Buntin / Tyler	
Catch and Keep	30
Jeri L. Hubbard / Bullard	
Sunrise Spider	31
Justin Clark / Tyler / Photograph	

Cardboard Violin	32
Dhalia Galdamez / Tyler / Mixed Media	
Mote Theatre	33
Anna Seguin / Tyler	
The Tuber	34
Matthew Helliwell / Tyler	
Downtown	35
Christopher Kikuni Kisanga / Tyler / Photograph	
Simplicity	36
Briana Huddleston / Tyler	
A Child's Doll	38
Kaylee Willingham / Mineola	
Love Glistens	39
Sayra Espinosa / Tyler / Digital Photograph	
Deep Ellum	40
Laura Curbow / Tyler / Digital Photograph	
Sweep Me Away	41
Sayra Espinosa / Tyler / Digital Photograph	
Spells	42
Allison Jones / Bullard	
Fairy Dust	44
Andy Gamez / Tyler / Pastel	

Captain Jack Sparrow	45
Chelsea Oliver / Eustace / Colored Pencils	
A Lonely Rose	46
Kaylee Willingham / Mineola	
Haunted	48
Laura Orr / Tyler / Digital Photograph	
Grand Land of Wonder	49
Haley Huston / Big Sandy	
Dancing in the Dark	50
Krystal Drake / White Oak / Digital Photograph	
Peek-a-Boo	51
John David Creamer / Tyler / Digital Photograph	
Framed Fiction	52
LaTeia Larkin / Flint / Pen and Pencil	
Glass Vessel	53
Brandon Bell / Arlington / Digital Photograph	
Means to an End	54
Hannah Perry / Yantis	
Ocean Colors	55
Jonathan Yost / Ben Wheeler / Digital Photograph	
Billiards at Its Best	56
Cameron Coody / Hallsville / Digital Photograph	



Untitled 2

Sergio Rubio Blanco / Madrid, Spain / Digital Photograph

Above Them

Carl Speaks / Arp

I am alone, but I am not alone. There is another here. A brother. He is my spotter. I know where he is, but I do not see him. His words come only when I need to be informed of a change in atmosphere. He'll speak when the time comes. He'll speak in whispers with wind variation and distance. Casual conversation could be a killer. We are not here for a social visit. We are here for a job. We're here for each other. Hell, we're here for every red-blooded free citizen who might not be alive tomorrow if the monsters have their way.

I'm going to take a life today. It's not the first one. It won't be the last. It's not really a life to me. I can't see it that way. To do so would make it harder to sleep because of the slideshow of faces in my head, life drained from their eyes, hearts stolen by the shredding force of my 7.62x51mm round that adds to the existing thunder of gunfire and explosions that already plagues my dreams. Those faces are always going to be there, but I don't see them with regret or guilt. I see them with the satisfaction that I've done my duty and removed another monster against freedom.

There's one face that's been in my mind since I set up here. While my body has been sinking slowly, depressing into the sand, the chill of night has been replaced by the sweltering shine of day three times over. I've seen it over and over again, but only in my head—the face of the target I came for.

Finally, he's not just in my mind as he steps down from a truck that has just pulled up beside the warehouse. He's smiling, the arrogant prick. He's responsible for an untold number of deaths. He would be responsible for an untold number more. A slow exhale and squeeze of one finger – the thunder echoes across the dunes, and one more monster falls in a pool of liquid shadow. His minions scramble to see where the shot came from. I am above them. I am among them. They do not see me, but I am there. I watch them and wait. I wait for the monsters to come, and I make them go away. I am a guardian of freedom. I am a shield for the American way of life. I am always above them. I am a United States Marine sniper.



Omens

Willow Lanchester / Tyler / Acrylic on Canvas

Fairytales

Sherry L. Towns / Tyler

Fairy godmothers will dress you in weird clothes and make you wear uncomfortable shoes, and just when the party gets started, the clock chimes—it's midnight—and that's your curfew. Your limo turns back into a pumpkin and you stand dressed in rags and orange goo.

You see, fairytales never work in the real world. They've never worked out for me. Don't wait for a prince to come to your rescue. You have the power! Set yourself free.

Golden curls shouldn't mess with the big bears. It's dangerous out in the woods, Though big, bear beds can be cozy, and I've heard that their porridge is good. Bears! They are grouchy and grumpy and snarly—they really love curly, gold hair, But they get scary-angry at anyone who dares to sit in their comfy chairs.

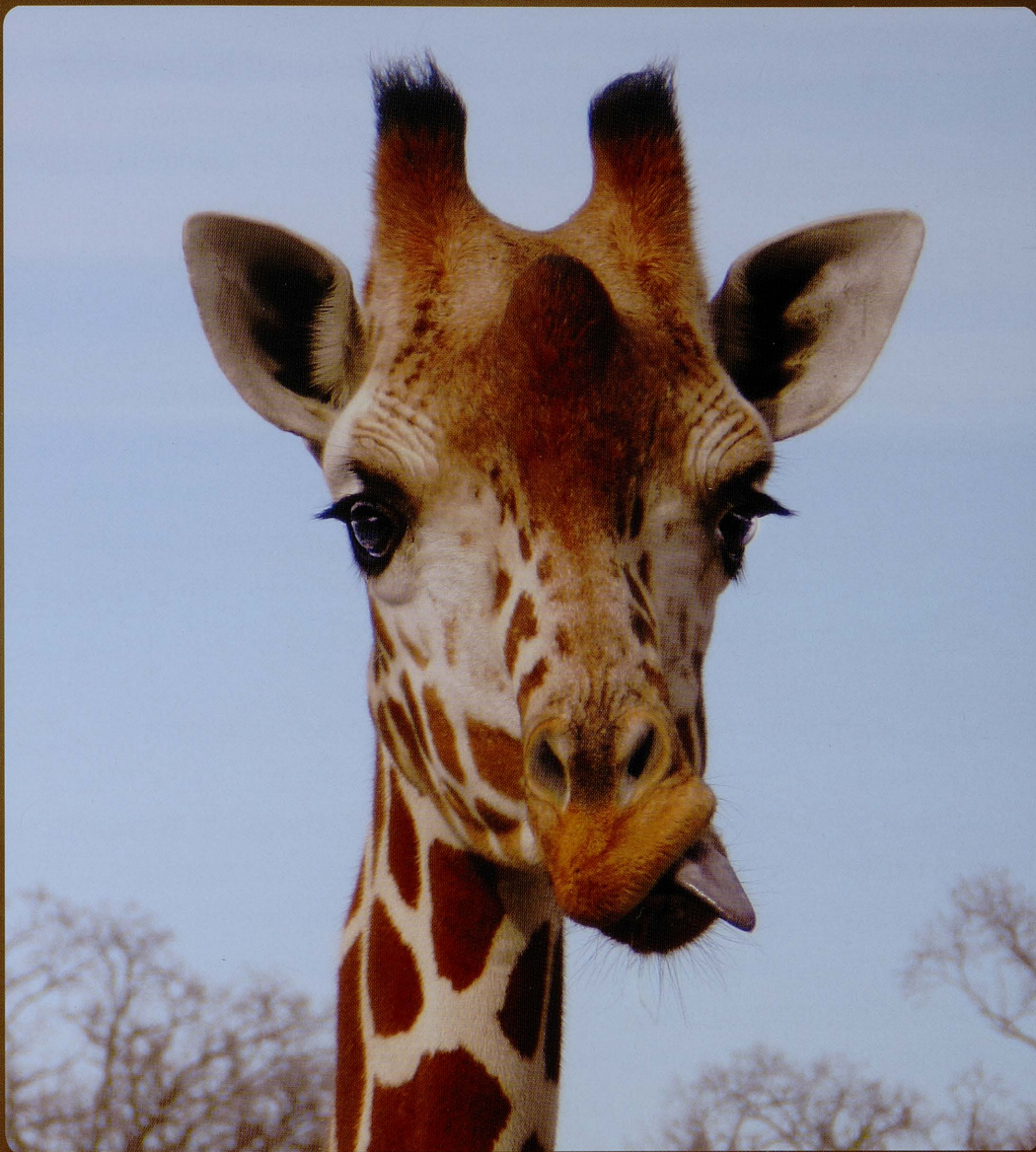
You see, fairytales never work in the real world. They've never worked out for me. Don't wait for a prince to come to your rescue... You have the power! Set yourself free.

When I was a young one, I wanted Prince Charming to take me away from here; He rode a white charger, was dashing, and told me—everything that I wanted to hear. But there is a difference between princes and toads: it's confusing; you need to rely on your ears. Princes will always say what they mean, but toads never mean what they say, And by the time you discover the toad is your lover, he's taken you far, far away.

You see, fairytales never work in the real world. They've never worked out for me. Don't wait for a prince to come to your rescue. You have the power! Set yourself free.

Still, I've heard there's a land with more magic than fairytales—*True Love* is its name. It doesn't steal to possess you, rearrange or re-dress you, it wants you the way that you came. And when two true lovers meet, you know, it's really quite sweet. And when they're swept away, it's to a land where they both want to be: They're in a land that they both want to see.

Though fairytales have never worked here in the real world, and they've never worked out for me, I still hope that I'll find this land that's called *True Love*. It sounds like a swell site to see; it sounds like a great place to be. You know? It sounds like the best home to me.



It's Cool to be a Giraffe

Sarah Perez / Bullard / Digital Photograph

In the Windowsill

Haley L. Huston / Big Sandy

When the oven opened, a wave of heat rolled out, filling the room with the scent of apple and spice. The warm air pushed the unrestrained wisps of blonde hair surrounding her sweaty face back for a moment before they floated down into place. The worn blue mitt dove into the hot box and returned with a now golden pie that smelled like the American dream.

She set the pie to cool, with no intentions of ever eating it, just as she did every Sunday. The neighbor would be pleased to receive it tonight, but still she made the pie every Sunday as she had done for years, if only to pass time now. Her frayed apron swayed like a dancer when she spun around to check the clock on the wall again, her eyebrows slightly pinched and flour streaked across her cheek.

Letting out a sigh, the young woman faced the murky pane as the sound of water rang against the metal sink bottom. She let the water wash over her hands, pausing only to remove a thin band from her finger and letting a tiny stone glint in the sunlight. Holding it up to the light, she seemed to hesitate, but she quickly placed the ring carefully in the windowsill where it couldn't be knocked down. Soap bubbled over as she lathered her hands and let her mind wander out the window and on to a distant land. Staring in the horizon, the crease between her brows went away and the thin line of her mouth softened.

The sound of footsteps on the sidewalk out front twisted her face once again as she quickly washed the soap away and began drying her hands on the red, flour-covered apron on her way to the front door. Clicking across living room to the front door, the tempo of her steps was two steps on the wood to match one of his on the concrete. With one hand on the doorknob and one hand pushing back the wisps, she faltered—but only briefly—before stepping into the sunlight.

Blinding rays filled her vision, but she pushed forward down the path without bothering to shut the door behind her. She reached the mailbox just as the footsteps moved along to the next one. Grabbing a small stack of paper, she slammed the small box shut and turned back up the path.

The front door swung closed, and the corners of her mouth tugged down. The clicks across the floor were slower this time as she marched across the room. Standing back at the window, she sifted through two bills and advertisement before she found it.

The front was a brightly colored graphic of a glowing sun sporting shades as it smiled down on the beach meeting the ocean. California was printed in cursive near the bottom corner, but the back held no message. The white stared up at her for several minutes before she carefully set the postcard in the window next to the empty promise.



Biplane

Thomas Glasscock / Tyler / 3ds Max and Photoshop

Face of My Face

Jeri L. Hubbard / Bullard

Face of my face—
My outside that they see,
My mask.
Your windows are wide open;
Your lips locked tight.
What are you good for?
You are the mascot of my existence:
The crude representation of I,
Awkward limbs
And plastic stare included.
Face of my face
Hidden inside a fortress of bones—
What they never see
When they see me,
My darkest and truest shade.
If you were freed,
You would soar above the sky
And glide like the loveliest of dancers
Into the hands of God.
They only see the prison, the fleshy costume,
Never the face of my face.



Apache Nation
Caleb Wells / Gilmer / Pen

The Interviewer

Jonathan Cox / Flint

“We are just going to treat this as a normal interview. Are you ready?”

I nodded my head. The Interviewer had long curly hair that traveled down the back of his neck. His skin was very tanned and rough looking, more fitting for a man who worked outdoors all day and not someone who spends his days interviewing. His eyes, however, were as calming as the sea and were a beautiful shade of brown. The room was silent, but it was not an uncomfortable silence. In fact, the room was very comfortable. The walls were painted a light color and the room felt cool and relaxed.

“So, you have a...,” he paused and looked up as if trying to rephrase what he was going to say, “what you would call a disability. Tell me more about this.”

I stopped and thought what he meant by *what you would call a disability*. “Well, I have a learning disability called *dyslexia*. Because of it, I learn differently and have to work a little harder than most students.”

The Interviewer nodded his head and wrote something down on his notepad. I could not see what he was writing down, but it did not seem like much was written down as he immediately went on to his next question.

“Were there times when you, or something, thought that your *disability* would keep you from achieving your goals?” He asked with a more serious look on his face, but not a look that made me feel uncomfortable.

“Why, yes, I have—plenty of times,” I answered. “The first time I had some doubt was when I was trying to get into a college preparatory middle school. Obviously, a college preparatory school is a very rigorous education, and they thought that I might struggle if I attended the school. However, through hard work and determination, I not only managed to do well, I thrived at the school. I made the Honor Society.”

The question seemed to be very deep and a little personal, but I was happy to answer it. I had not given much thought to my accomplishments during my time in school until I answered that question. I pondered my answer a little more, smiling while doing so, and watched the man jot down some notes.

The man tapped his pen on the paper and then looked up to meet my eyes, and while rubbing his chin, said, “Have you ever thought of your *disability* as more of an ability to work harder? Have you ever thought this *disability* was a blessing so that you may have an impact others and motivate them to be more devoted in school?”

I looked down at the floor to really think about what my response was going to be. *What a tough question*, I thought to myself. I have never thought of my disability as a blessing.

I started to feel a little uncomfortable, which was odd because usually from the start of any interview, I become nervous. But the environment and the Interviewer made it almost impossible to be uncomfortable—until now.

I slumped down in my chair a little bit. Scratching my head, I responded, “No, sir...I never once thought that dyslexia could ever be a blessing.”

“Okay,” the man responded and looked back at his notepad.

I looked down at my watch and rubbed my eyes a little bit, still feeling uneasy. I squinted at the Interviewer while he was writing. I did not know how, but the more I looked at him the more he looked familiar. I searched my memory trying to think of a place or a time when I might have met this man before. Nothing came to mind. I put my elbows on my knees and my chin in the palm of my hands, frustrated that I could not remember a time I had ever come into contact with this man—but knowing that at some point I had.

“Okay, last question. I promise,” he said with a grin on his face as if the next question he was going to ask would really knock my socks off.

I knew the last questions were the best, the juiciest, and often the most difficult for the interviewee. I took a deep breath as I was getting prepared for his final question. Millions of questions raced through my head at once: *What is he going to ask? Where have I seen this man before? Why am I so troubled?*

“Did you ever doubt me, Jonathan?”

The question hit me hard in the stomach—like an unexpected punch right to the gut, taking my breath away right on impact. Immediately after he asked the question, it hit me who this man was.

“Yes,” I said, bursting into tears, “yes, I have.”

The man got up from his chair and came over to me with his arms opened wide and gave me a sweet embrace. He rubbed his nail-scarred hands down my back in the most loving and caring way. It was an indescribable moment that the Interviewer shared with me.

“I never doubted you, my son,” he responded and ripped out a page from his notepad and handed it to me. It read *Isaiah 25:1*.



Bliss

Verlon Stripling / Tyler / Digital Photograph

Sixty-One Years

Sherry L. Towns / Tyler

Sixty-one years of mornings spent waking up and looking at your face over my coffee cup:
We had joys, we had struggles—we fought sometimes, too,
But I never imagined my life without you.

Days have been hard, but the days I can bear. It's the nights that haunt me: I wake, you're not there;
You've travelled over to that far, distant shore. Are you watching? I can't see you anymore.

Sixty-one years of mornings spent waking up and looking at your face over my coffee cup:
We had joys, we had struggles—we fought sometimes, too,
But I never imagined my life without you.

I'm eighty-five now, and I don't think I'll date: It's not that I'm too old, or that it's too late,
But I've shared all of my stories and my dreams with you,
And there's no one on earth now that I'll trust them to.

Sixty-one years of mornings spent waking up and looking at your face over my coffee cup:
We had joys, we had struggles—we fought sometimes, too,
But I never imagined my life without you.
No, I never imagined my life without you.

Untitled

Kelsey Kimbro / Winona

She is ink on paper:
She is lazy scribbles and angry strokes;
She is poetry in neat lines and short stories in uneven paragraphs.
She is sloppy.
She is precise.
She is an open book—words in bold, evenly spaced.
She is fine print between the lines that no one cares to read.
She is black and white.
She is read all over.
She is free, unlimited, and unbound—until she reaches the margins.
She is a drama, choppy action verbs and unnecessary exclamation points!
She is a comedy: sarcasm bleeds like wet ink.
She is a romance: passion's fire chars her edges.
She is a mystery: her ending undecided, unwritten.
She is unpublished.
She is unedited.
She is untitled.



Elgin

Courtney S. Davis / Tyler / Digital Photograph



Sweet Sickness

Willow Lanchester / Tyler / Acrylic on Canvas



Live Presently

Hannah Perry / Yantis

Yesterday, today is tomorrow,
And tomorrow, today is yesterday.
So today, what is today?

Today is all that exists:
For I am not who I was yesterday,
And I am not who I will be tomorrow.

So yesterday no longer exists,
And tomorrow does not exist yet.

There is only today,
To live in
And to love.



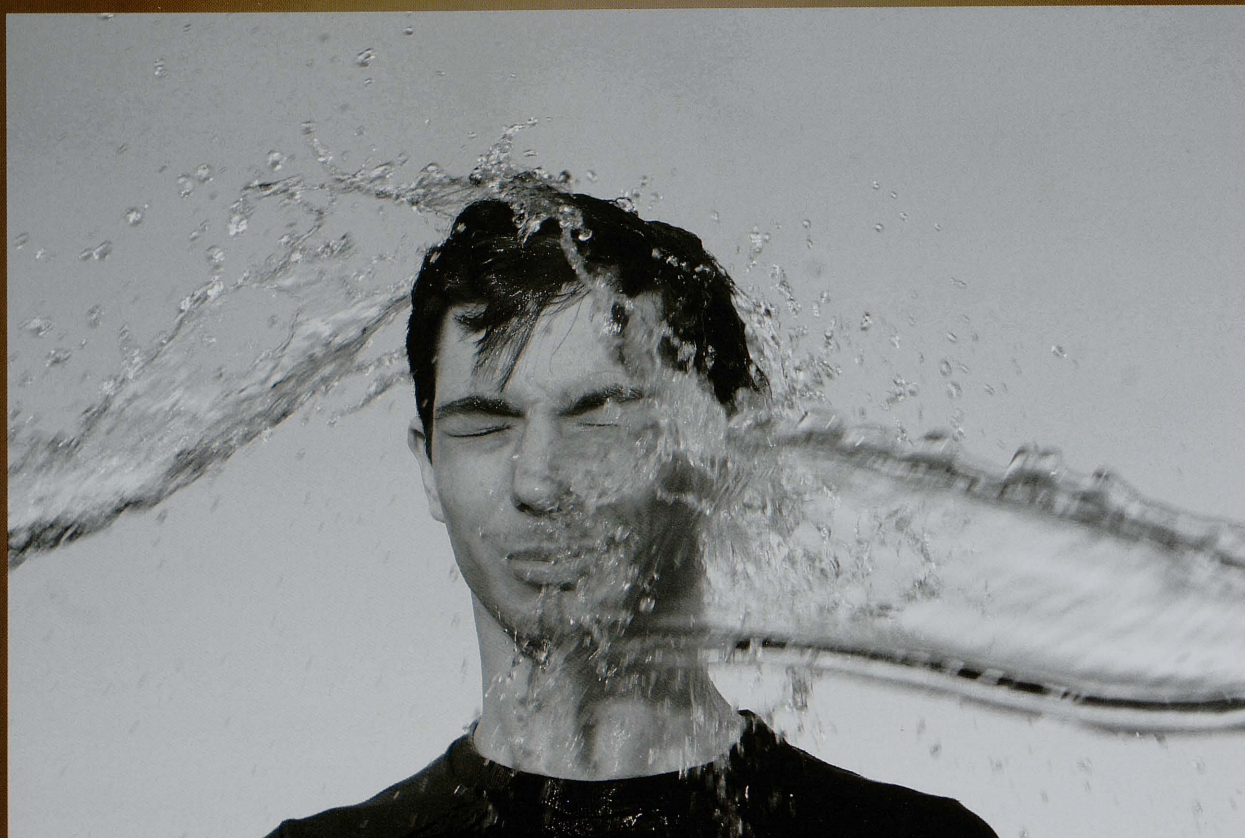
Curiosity

Jalen Johnson / Tyler / Digital Photograph



My Cup of Tea

Olivia Wynn / Big Sandy / Graphic Art



Regretful Volunteer

Amber Dunklin / Tyler / Digital Photograph

Once a King

Nick Buntin / Tyler

He was but a man lacking in strength.
He'd point out the problems, explain them in length.
He'd fight for what's right, no want for fame.
Civil Rights was the name of his game.

With ridicule and hatred, he pressed on.
Where mere men would crumble, he stayed strong.
They spit in his face and cursed at his cause,
But the man had a dream that was greeted with applause.

He shook hands with presidents, absorbed unwanted fame.
The plan remained the same in the Civil Rights game.
His tears hydrated the cause; his sweat was lubrication,
For this engine of change that was met with justification.

The movement grew dark as the word was echoing.
Had they really killed a man who was once a King?
The world's wild wailing was heard through nations far.
The skies grew slightly brighter with the addition of a star.

It wouldn't stop there; his death was not in vain:
We live now as one since he won the Civil Rights game.

Catch and Keep

Jeri L. Hubbard / Bullard

Time accelerates:
Days fade
Like the last tremor in a laugh
From across a crowded room.

I've learned to collect smiles.

You have to catch them
before
they
disappear.

I've learned to keep

The moment
Framed by the back seat window
Of a friend
in the morning air,
waving
goodbye.



Sunrise Spider
Justin Clark / Tyler / Photograph



Cardboard Violin

Dhalia Galdamez / Tyler / Mixed Media

Mote Theatre

Anna Seguin / Tyler

They live in the afternoon sunbeams—
Shimmering like snow,
Twinkling, sparkling, gleaming.
They float in the warmth of the winter sun—
Living, breathing, dancing.
They tumble in slow motion,
A complex ballet
Written on the strands of their DNA,
Gracefully, deftly, fluidly.
They defy the laws of Earth—
Flying with no wings,
Breathing with no lungs,
Living with no heartbeat.
This is their moment:
Their window of soul,
The stage lights are lit,
So they spin and twirl,
Leaping, soaring, singing.
They are the stars
In this moment when the ground
Gives them up to freedom
Until the lights go out.

The sun has set;
The dust is but dust again—
Fluttering, falling, gliding
Back to the ground
To perform another day.

The Tuber

Matthew Helliwell / Tyler

I yam what I yam:
A sweet potato takes hold of my dreams;
I need to have that sweet potato dream;
I hold it tight when I do—
For a while at least,
Before I get upset that it is not candied
Or try to put it in a pie.
Sometimes I ask the questions,
What kind of person yam I?
Do I like the answer?
Do I even know?
I remove it from my mind,
And focus on where the marshmallows go.
Set the oven and let it get hot.
Oh, but there's that thought:
I remember that tuber,
And how we danced in my dream,
And when I eat that delicious dish,
A tear falls from my eye.
Again I ask the question,
What kind of person yam I?



Downtown

Christopher Kikuni Kisanga / Tyler / Photograph

Simplicity

Briana Huddleston / Tyler

Shadows come and go
Like the brushstrokes of the sun.
I lie awake and think of you
And the things we could become.
Time ticks by and passes
Like the gentle breeze in the trees.
I feel my soul rocking back and forth,
Back and forth inside of me.
I feel myself lurching
Off of the edge of the cliff.
The ocean water catches me,
Sends me spiraling adrift.

The waves rock back and forth—
Up, down, and around I sway.
I close my eyes and think of the things,
Of the things that I cannot say.
If I could pull the words from my stomach
And put them right into your palms,
Then I would feel myself, my surroundings,
My inner rising tide as it calms.

But life is not easy;
Easy is not worth to keep.
So I only express my deepest feelings
When I close my eyes and sleep.
When the shadows dance around
And the rain pads itself away
On the roof, on my spirit,

Ricocheting off the window pane.
When the flutter of my heart
Matches that of a butterfly's wings,
Only can I speak of such madness:
This crazy thing I call my dreams.
When the moon shines down,
And the air is still,
And it shines off the water,
Is when things feel the most real.
That is the moment
When I close my eyes and feel.

The shadows come and go
Like the brushstrokes of the sun.
And all of the things
That I feel have begun.
When the leaves like to rattle
And shake in sync with the wind,
Is when I allow myself,
To perhaps feel alive again.
When the rain pads down,
Trickles down like tears,
I face all of my deepest,
All of my deepest, darkest fears.
When the moon shines down
In the whitest hue,
And reflects off of the water,
A heavenly blue,
Like the sky and the clouds
And the birds flying, too.
I am satisfied with the simplest,
The simplest thought of you.

A Child's Doll

Kaylee Willingham / Mineola

A child's doll lay upon the ground:
The cold gravestones were all around.
Amidst the soil, dirt, and grass,
She lay silent and alone,
Surrounded by ash.

A raven crowed from a nearby tree,
Crying out for night to flee.
A white chrysanthemum lay beside the doll,
A bloom of grief for a promise of death,
A cold, sad truth which did befall.

Coldness falls, where darkness lies:
A world unknown, now before new eyes.
Leaving behind a different life,
A world to forget now left behind,
And a child's doll lay upon the ground.



Love Glistens

Sayra Espinosa / Tyler / Digital Photograph



Deep Ellum

Laura Curbow / Tyler / Digital Photograph



Sweep Me Away

Sayra Espinosa / Tyler / Digital Photograph

Spells

Allison Jones / Bullard

When his eyes touch her,
She feels faint like a woman from an old movie.
The feeling makes her afraid
That she will join the damsels in distresses and dresses
And unwillingly sink to the ground.
That always bothered her. In those decades,
Grown women seem to have had an interesting inability
To retain consciousness anytime they
Felt too much.

But she feels
Like falling
To the ground
Like a snowflake
When his eyes
Touch her.

He takes her to a coffee shop
Where the baristas make the cream into heart shapes
In the coffee's top. She thought that was stupid.
He was focused on being romantic,
And it was frustrating.
Hearts and flowers have no innate place
In romance. They were made
Symbols by society. How sad, the way there are even
Norms for this.

But she feels
Like melting
Into the grass
When he makes
Heart-shaped pancakes.

Then one June afternoon, she sits with him
At an Indian restaurant. And while he laughs over his curry,
He absentmindedly says he loves her. The one

Four-letter word which could make her physically sick.
She never liked that word.
She didn't feel like either of them were qualified
To say that phrase. Actually, she didn't feel
Like anyone ever was. Don't misunderstand,
She liked him very much, but she wasn't
Capable of love.

But she feels
Her cheeks
Turning colors
Under the sun
When he
Walks away
From her.

It was months before things were really okay again.
He showed up at her apartment
Carrying a couple of cheap tea cups
With "I like you" printed
On the sides. He told her, if she wouldn't allow him
To love her, he promised
He would like her as much as she would let him.
And she didn't mind. She even smiled. She
Liked him, too.

And she feels
Like shedding
Her armor
Like layers of leaves
When he says
He likes it
When she
Feels this much.



Fairy Dust
Andy Gamez / Tyler / Pastel



Captain Jack Sparrow
Chelsea Oliver / Eustace / Colored Pencils

A Lonely Rose

Kaylee Willingham / Mineola

The weight of his hand in my own, a feeling that once gave me so much comfort, felt more like a burden--as did the smile I wore upon my face. The beautiful and familiar scenery filled me with a sense of regret. I remembered the first time we were here together, but the happiness I once thought that memory would bring me was replaced with disgust. Now, as we returned to this place, I felt as though the sincere thoughts behind his actions were so meaningless.

Now that we were here, he kept asking me if I was all right. I smiled, nodded, and then quickly changed the subject. God, I wish he would stop asking. I just wanted him to stop. I wanted him to stop caring and to stop loving me—just...stop. He showed me a smile and gently held out my seat. The environment was supposed to be romantic. A gentle sea breeze filled the air, the sun was setting peacefully over the water's surface, and a single, lonely rose stood watch over the table across which his face shone brightly at me. Instead of joy, there was emptiness deep within the pit of my stomach, a feeling that was ever so slowly consuming me from the inside out.

As he sat across from me, he gently held out his hand. I hesitated. I stared awkwardly, wishing it would retract, only to be disappointed by an impatient twitch and an encouraging smile. My heart began to race, anxiety settling in. Reluctantly, I grabbed his hand. I prayed with all my might that he didn't feel me shaking, that he couldn't sense my uneasiness, my fear. He stared into my eyes, looking as sweet and innocent as ever.

My guilty eyes could barely hold his gaze, for the eyes I longed to see were not here. He gently squeezed my hand, causing a silent tremor in my body. He spoke, softly and passionately, of me and of us. But even with words as strong as his, in my sick and twisted mind, they refused to hold meaning. Instead, they felt empty and void of purpose. His voice was not what I was hearing.

“My love,” he said, the words making me feel sick, “I have something important for tonight.”

I watched him pull out a small blue box from his coat pocket. Gently he opened it, presenting me with non-other than a simple ring. I could feel my arms shaking more and more while sweat began gathering on the palms of my hands. There was a part of me that felt a strong desire, perhaps a sense of longing to simply throw back my chair and run. This longing I imagined as I stared into his loving eyes would not ever be satisfied. As I sat, stunned and shocked, in this place with a man who wholeheartedly loved me, my desire felt as far away as the distant setting sun. And my hand holding his, felt heavier as the moments passed.



Haunted

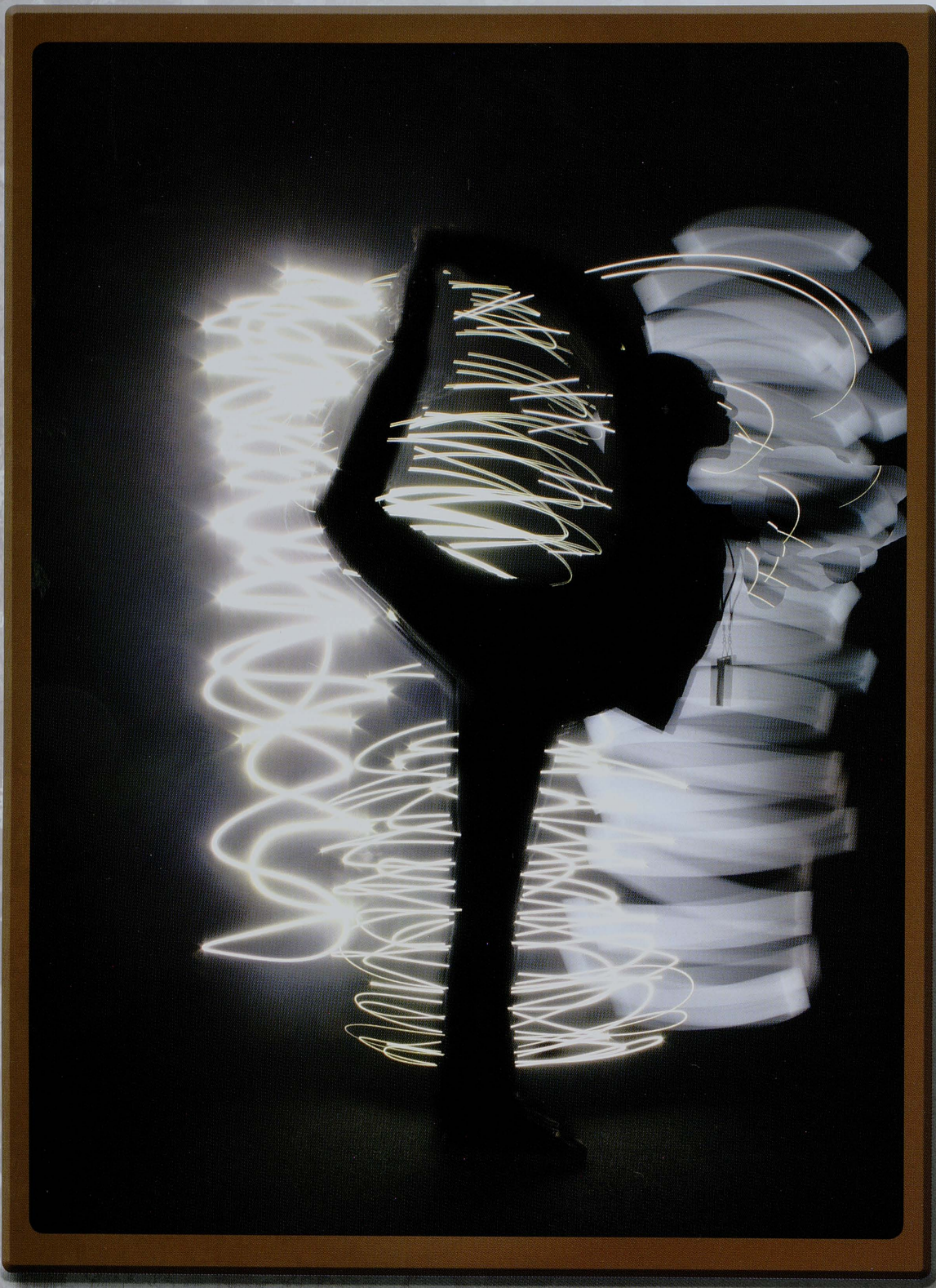
Laura Orr / Tyler / Digital Photograph

Grand Land of Wonder

Haley Huston / Big Sandy

Walls of towers block the sun;
Winds of people flow through the streets;
Yet with all that air it feels hard to breathe.
But flashing lights let you see
Suits, shirts, cotton and wool,
Pants, skirts, heels and sandals—
Every shape, color, and size,
Ranging from an honest man to all lies.
Streets filled with yellow,
Underground hollowed with metal,
Always going, never sleeping.
Some are laughing while others are weeping.
The lights flash old, then flash anew.
Passing several shops, pausing to read
A jumbled blur of signs and screens,
The sounds of rubber screeching and a thousand feet.

The city is a grand land of wonder,
And the first stop in the land of opportunity
With the great green lady and the tallest buildings,
But those born to her grow tired of her fame.



Dancing in the Dark
Krystal Drake / White Oak / Digital Photograph



Peek-a-Boo

John David Creamer / Tyler / Digital Photograph

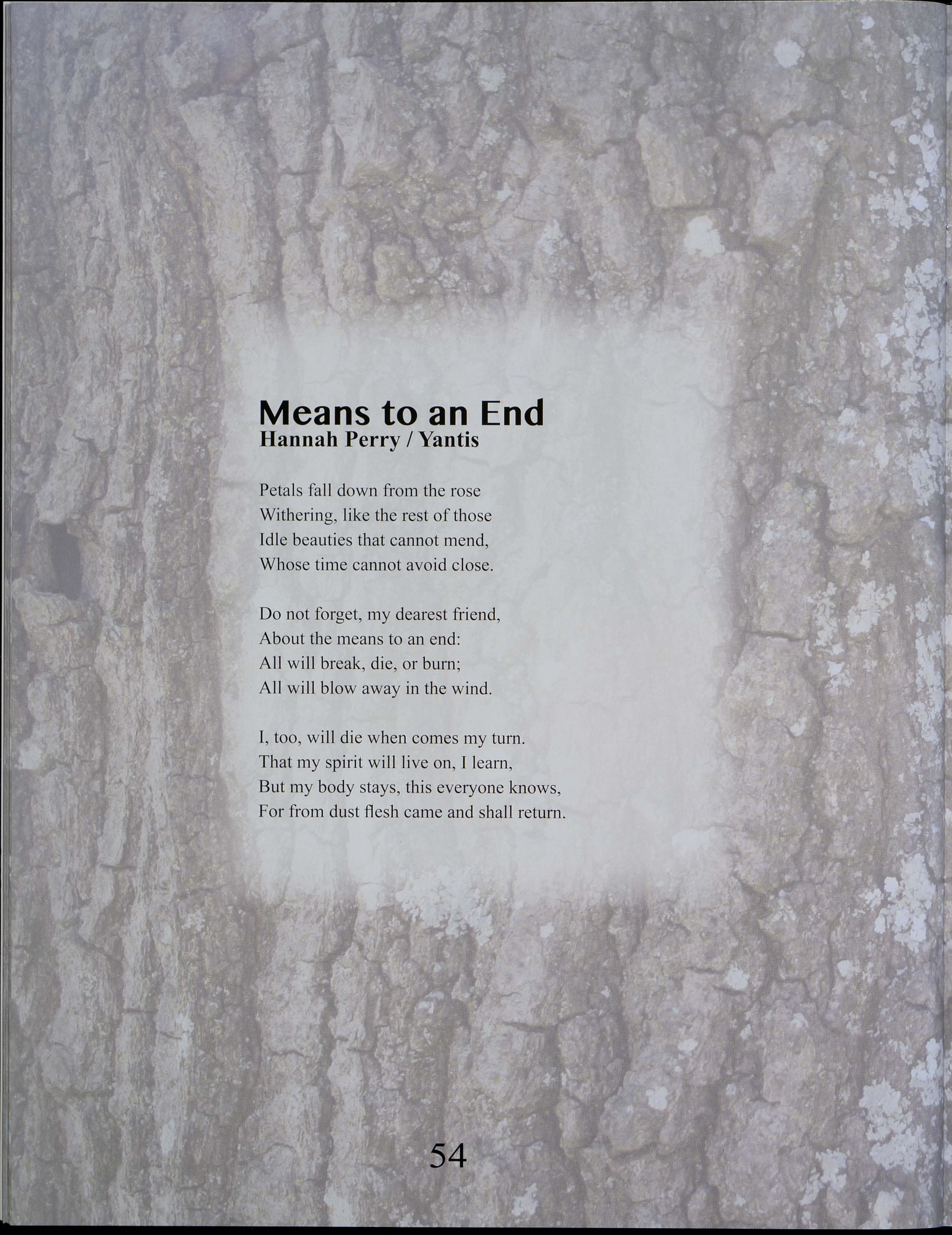


Framed Fiction
LaTeia Larkin / Flint / Pen and Pencil



Glass Vessel

Brandon Bell / Arlington / Digital Photograph



Means to an End

Hannah Perry / Yantis

Petals fall down from the rose
Withering, like the rest of those
Idle beauties that cannot mend,
Whose time cannot avoid close.

Do not forget, my dearest friend,
About the means to an end:
All will break, die, or burn;
All will blow away in the wind.

I, too, will die when comes my turn.
That my spirit will live on, I learn,
But my body stays, this everyone knows,
For from dust flesh came and shall return.



Ocean Colors

Jonathan Yost / Ben Wheeler / Digital Photograph



Billiards at Its Best

Cameron Coody / Hallsville / Digital Photograph



"The purpose of art is
washing the dust of daily
life off our souls."

PABLO PICASSO



"A feeble body weakens the mind"

JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU



"To be or not to be"

SHAKESPEARE

"The world is but a canvas to our imagination"

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

"Those who do not want to imitate anything, produce nothing."

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